CLAY GEERDES **COMIX WAVE** 132
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REAL SCREAM COMICS, paradoxically "the serious funny animal comic," is still happening and the latest issue is $3 pp from Mike Culpepper, 808 Stanley St., Nelson, BC, Canada V1L 1N7.

Clark Dissmeyer's latest is an illustrated story, **TRAVELING COMPANION**. 50¢/STAMP from him. 2313 Central, #7, Kearney, NE 68847.

EL VIBORA 154 and **KISS KOMIX 14**. $10 each pp from J. M. Berengueuer, Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona, Spain. Spanish erotica. Adults only.

CEREBUS 165 continues Dave Sim's Mothers and Daughters series.

Ace Backwards is still doing **TWISTED IMAGE**. Berkeley's own radical cartoonist. Check out a copy for a couple bucks. 1630 University Avenue, #26, Berkeley, CA 94703. Send him $8 and get the **1993 Telegraph Avenue Street Calendar**.

Gary Usher will send you a copy of his **COMICS AND THEIR CREATORS** reprints for a couple of bucks. These appeared in *Literary Digest* back in the thirties and after. 205 Vine St., Glenwood, IA 51534. Fairly nice copy work. Each one is dated. Useful for the comic historian.

The latest **CITY LIMITS GAZETTE** profiles Mike Culpepper and Underground Station columnist Bruce Sweeney. $15 a year from Steve Willis, POB 390, McCleary, WA 98557-0390.

CEREBUS 164 continues Dave Sim's Mothers and Daughters series. Lots of letters in this one.

EL VIBORA 153 is $10 from J. M. Berengueuer, Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona, Spain. A new Squeak the Mouse strip and a story by Gilbert Shelton about the Freak Brothers. **KISS COMICS 13** remains the best sex comic on the market. $10. Adults only.

GOLDEN SHOWERS, ANYONE?

For $35 bucks you can get **MAGIC POTTY BABY**, a little blonde baby doll who sits on her potty and pees as you watch. The pee vanishes in a little plastic potty because it is contained in the unit. No mess to clean up. Sounds a little perverted to me, but what do I know about toys these days.

GIRL JOCK 8 features a naked surfing woman on the cover. Sports from a feminine viewpoint. $3.95 from POB 2533, Berkeley, CA 94702.

Terry Laban's **CUD 2** is out. In the spirit of the underground, a truly unrepressed book with a lot of freewheeling art and humor. In Berkeley, it's available at Comic Relief.

FURRY FREAK BROTHERS 25TH YEAR

Gilbert Shelton's Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers celebrate their 25th anniversary in 1993. Created in 1968 for the Los Angeles **FREE PRESS** when Shelton was living down by the canal in Venice, Phineas, Freewheelin' Franklin, and Fat Freddy, have changed little if any over the years. I used to stop by Rip Off Press when it was out on Missouri in San Francisco. It was a large rambling warehouse building. Inside the front door was a lobby of sorts and to the left was the office where Fred Todd sat at his cluttered desk. There were boxes of mail all over the place and Fred laughed and said they just looked through a box to find an uncancelled stamp once in awhile. No one was in a hurry to read all those fan letters and it is likely there were checks in some of those envelopes that went undiscovered for years. I was there a few days after Rip Off bought a Webb Press. They had decided to print their own comic books and control their whole scene. No more dealing with other printers. They would do the covers and the guts right there. That press was huge. Dominated the entire room. There were big rolls of paper and skids of printed covers sitting around the place. I think **GRIM WIT 1** was running the day I was there. Dave Moriarty was running the press.

Upstairs was the studio where the artists worked. Shelton and Sheridan were working on the Freak Brothers then. Paul Mavrides who worked on the latest issue [#12, out in December, 1992] was not around yet. Hell, he probably wasn't even in high school then. Shelton was working on a Freak Brothers page. Ruling in the panels. He used the old Sunday page layout familiar to those of us who grew up reading Mutt and Jeff. There was the major strip and a cat strip below. That started way back with Herriman when he started filling in the bottom with a Krazy Kat strip. His main strip was The Dingbats then. Go back and read some Mutt and Jeff pages and you'll see how unfluential the flow of those gag stories was on Shelton. Bud Fisher's cat was Cicero. If Shelton ever named Fat Freddy's cat, I don't remember it.

Shelton finished the panels and laid the page down. He got out the makings and rolled up a joint. Passing a J around was routine. I never saw any other drugs there. Sheridan was working on the page with the VW bus careening around the mountain. After awhile, everyone took a break, cleared off the tennis table that doubled as a drawing surface, and played a few games of ping pong. People wandered in and out, talking a little business, looking at some of Shelton's reference books, glancing at the art and posters on the wall, gossiping about who was doing what, who had a page in what comic, who might get the next Crumb book, when **Zap** would get back from the printer. It was still published by Bob Rita at The Print Mint then. It's published by Ron Turner now.

I hung around awhile, got whatever comic books were new, checked on the progress of **THE RIP OFF REVIEW OF WESTERN CULTURE**. Made a few notes for **CW**. Took a few pictures. I always took pictures and nobody thought much about it at the time but it's because I was systematic that a photographic record of all the companies and artists exists today. If anyone ever does an exact history of underground comix and the scene around them, my early newsletters will be a primary source of data. I know some of the people didn't like the way they looked in some of the photos, but that's life. That's how they looked at the time. I'm not being unsympathetic. I feel the same about a lot of the photos taken of me in those days.

The guys at Rip Off Press, which was formed in 1969 by Todd, Shelton, Moriaty, Jaxon, a loose coalition of former University of Texas [Austin] students, decided to get rid of the Webb Press after a very short time because they found out how expensive it was to run. It did not pay to set up the press to run two or three comic books. You had to have a lot of other jobs and that meant going out and hustling work. Rip Off printed a few posters and ads and comic books, then sold the press and concentrated on production and distribution. Today, Kathe and Fred Todd run the business end of Rip Off Press from Auburn, California [POB 4686]. Their number is 800-TRY COMIX IF you want to call up.

TESTy
entertainment enlightenment folly
Preview
FREE
MAH FELLOW AMERICANS... FIRSTLY AH'D LIKE TO GIVE MR. BUSH A BIG HAWD FOR HIS COURAGEOUS GUIDANCE DURING THE PERSIAN GULF CRISIS.

Get a copy of Mike Stengl's new mag, **TESTY**, for a buck. POB 568, Trinidad, CA 95570.

THE NEW WAVE???

I needed to stay solvent. I owed three hundred thousand dollars a year in alimony and child-support payments. I had lost my house in Malibu, my apartment on Central Park West, and a large portion of my other assets in an expensive and bitter divorce a year earlier. I also had expenses on a modest (for Manhattan) penthouse apartment on Ninety-sixty Street and Madison Avenue. I had my parents to support, and a host of others to help out. And then there was my sailboat, the **New Wave**, a graceful forty-four-foot blue sloop with lots of ea-miles under her keel. She consumed about fifty thousand dollars a year--at the time, a passion I could not afford, and one I could not afford to lose.

Geraldo Rivera
EXPOSING MYSELF. 1991

SUPERMAN
[1932-1992]

I just got a notice that Guernsey's in New York is going to auction off the artwork for the death of Superman. They sent stats of some of the panels, including the one shown here where the man of former steel is breathing his last in the arms of Lois Lane while good old ageless Jimmy Olsen snaps the picture. Lois is reassuring her longtime love that the medics are on the way and all will be well. Fat chance. Is there anyone who doesn't know the lore of Jerry Siegel's ego-ideal by now? All this crap about a character killing off Superman leaves me unmoved to the max, dear readers. Tell me, Lois, what could a human medic do for an extraterrestrial like Jor-El? Give him a shot of morphine to ease the pain? His skin is impermeable. So where did the blood come from on those super deltoids?

Just looking at this drawing is an experience. The comic book is the ultimate cheap shot with panels blown up to full-page size to pad out the emptiness of the story and hurry this piece of rot to the printer so the bucks could be rolled in before Christmas. The story of Superman's death was sent out to all the newspapers and they were happy to hype the product. If you look at this panel closely, you'll see a lot of anatomical errors. Superman's left hand seems to grow out of his forearm and his left nipple seems pushed off his chest and those knees, well, forget those knees. Lois Lane, one might remind the artist, is much smaller than Superman, yet her head and upper torso appear as large as his--why would I want to buy this drawing? In a previous panel, Doomsday slashed Superman's chin, yet his chin seems fine in this one. Continuity anyone? My point is that this is not a carefully drawn comic book, not well thought out artwork; this is a hustle more than likely born in DC's ad department to rip off the kid comic buyer. It's an inferior product priced high for a quick profit. It worked as well as the Batman hustle and a lot of shopkeepers, I am sure, have squirreled away a box or two for later sale at inflated prices. I hope you guys eat those comics just like you did the **SHAZAM 1**'s. Look for this loser in the quarter bin a year or two down the line. C.G.

Peggy Lee, royally ripped off by Disney in 1955 when she did the voice of Lady and co-wrote six of the songs in THE LADY AND THE TRAMP, was finally awarded damages after the Supreme Court turned down Disney's appeal. Lee was upset when Disney released the film on video and never ponied up any of the profits to her. Well, Lee is lucky. The majority of the people who worked for the major studios over the years have been royally fucked and most haven't been in any position to sue. The studios make megabucks on the creativity of those working in films and feel no more obligation to their employees than any other corporations. When the Andy Hardy films were released on video last year, did Mickey Rooney get any royalties? Not a dime. Ted Turner is now making more money off the MGM cartoons than any of the creators ever did. When they did their work years back, no one thought about television at all. Who would have suspected that the time would come when anyone and everyone could have a personal copy of any major film for a few dollars? Did the studios make any effort to contact the creators and actors and offer a reasonable royalty when this new medium came along as a megaprofit source? Hell, no. They kept it all. All the majors, including Disney, keep lawyers on staff and their major function is to keep the creative people from making a decent return on their work. If you want an insight into just how corrupt most of the Hollywood studios are, read **INDECENT EXPOSURE**. A fund should be set up by each studio and the profits from video or laserdisc or CD should be placed in this fund and those people who worked on the creative projects now being recycled in the new media should be able to apply for an appropriate percentage of that fund. Call it the Peggy Lee Fund. The average lay person labors under the misapprehension that all those people seen on television and in the movies are wealthy. No true at all. It takes a lot of cash to keep up in show business, usually a lot more than the stars make. A few become very rich, while the majority barely pay the monthly bills. Laurel and Hardy are known by everyone around the world and the newcomers know them from the videos of their comedies. Stan Laurel was living in a motel room when he died. Many stars have left their families in debt and in nearly every case one may point the finger at the studios. Agents run a close second as Debbie Reynolds and Kirk Douglas, along with numerous others, have noted in their biographies.

The latest from Maximum Traffic: **Random Entry Comix 3** and **Diary of Neo-Psychedelic Man 9** go for, oh, two bucks postpaid. POB 2452, Butler, PA 16003-2452. Keep on networkin'!

Yes, Dan O'Neill is still doing it. His strip appears most weeks in the San Francisco **BAY GUARDIAN**. In the strip named for himself, Dan is the main character, a guy who tells stories in a local bar to cadge drinks. If you're local pick up the free paper and check in the ad section near the back.

I have a very low hype threshhold. I just looked at the latest copy of *Esquire* and it's all hype. Buy. Buy. Buy. I have a couple of the early *Esquires* in my mag collection and let me tell you they were arty mags with a lot of pictures and stories and interesting historical articles. *Esquire* was innovative for its time. It began publication in 1933 as a magazine for *men*. This may mean little to the modern reader, but up until that time magazines were generally thought of as women's turf. Since the mid-19th century, the days of *Godey's Lady's Book* and *American Magazine*, these pubs were aimed at housewives. It was assumed in the 1800's that men were the breadwinners and they were out working and didn't have time for anything as frivolous as a magazine. The lady of the house, on the other hand, had lots of time to waste, hence the ladies' mag tradition.

Esquire was quite successful and was followed by numerous other men's mags like *Stag* in 1937. Hugh Hefner's first choice for his new mag in 1953 was *Stag Party* but he finally decided on *Playboy* because of the similarity to *Stag*. The early *Esquires* were worth the money, but the latest copies suck. I don't want to look at all that advertising and when I look at the standardization that has taken place I realize that there is very little difference between *Esquire* and *Vanity Fair* and half a dozen other mags I could name. I know corporations must think saturation advertising makes the public love their product, but here is one person who hates seeing the ads all over the place and never buys most of the brands hyped. That goes double for the worthless crapola advertising on tv [and mtv].

OOOOOOOOGLOVE

Michael Jackson's cotton glove with 1200 hand sewn rhinestones was designed for his Motown 25 show in 1979 by Bill Whitten. Jackson had his first rhinoplasty the same year. The job was somewhat botched and his new nose was restructured by Dr. Steven Hoefflin in 1980.

Wonder Con 7 is set for April 2-4, 1993 at the Oakland Convention Center. For an update and information, write to **Bryan Uhlenbrock**, 2831-D Miller St., San Leandro, CA 94577, or call 510-352-5841. There will be a Pros only con March 31-April 1. Ask Bryan for details if you are an artist or writer.

MY GUINESS!

The Guiness Book of Records was first published in 1955 after Sir Hugh Beavers of the Guiness Brewing Company asked a London 'fact and figure' agency to verify facts about such things as athletic records, geography, inventions, and discoveries--the kinds of things people argue about in pubs. The book was an immediate success and in 1974 it became the best-selling copyrighted book in publishing history. It is published in 35 languages.